

Borrowed Husbands

A Married Life Story

Written for The Herald
By Mildred K. Barbour

XXXIV.—THE GRAIN OF DOUBT.

"We left her gasping, anyway," said Nancy complacently to Desmond, as they drove off in a taxi from the shop of Flourette.

He turned to her smiling.

"Was that really the girl Lang from the shop of Flourette?"

"Of course. Didn't you recognize her? How dense men are! I knew her the moment she came forward, even with a different gown and without a hat."

"But a dressmaker! Isn't that a bit thick for a chap of his standing?"

"Oh, I don't know. Actresses, model-makers, manicurists—what difference does it make to a man who is a born philanderer? And I'm afraid most of you are that," she added with a smile.

His eyes held hers.

"You think that of me?"

"I don't want to," Nancy confessed naively. "Since my husband went—ah—passed on, I seem to have met so many flirtatious men. It would be rather refreshing to find one who didn't try to make love to me."

"Hahn! It occurred to you that men are likely to be serious in their regard for you, Miss Barbour?"

"Oh, but they couldn't be, on the face of it," began Nancy quickly. "No married woman—no woman who has been married—that is—"

That widow pose of hers was getting her into deeper and deeper difficulties.

"Let's change the subject," she suggested. "I don't like talking sentiment this afternoon. Tell me how you like my new gowns."

"They looked well on the model, so I know they will be most charming when worn by you," Nancy spread out her hands with a despairing gesture.

"That was a bad move on my part. I'm afraid I've been out of the game so long that I lose a trick now and then from sheer stupidity."

"Why do you insist on playing a game?" he asked.

"Why, indeed?" sighed Nancy, and hardly asked herself the same question.

Already, with Gerry hardly across

Deductions of Harvey Hunt

By Philip Francis Nowlan.

Some one was eavesdropping, with the aid of a detectaphone, on financial deals which were being privately exchanged in the office of John C. Burleigh. The office next to the Burleigh suite had been vacant for some time, and with the exception of a telephone in one corner was devoid of furnishings. No one had entered the office for a long time, as the dust on the floor indicated. How was the eavesdropper securing his information? Burleigh's statements were correct. Burleigh saw it?

XXXI.

IN THE case of "The Detectaphone" Harvey Hunt was convinced that the vacant office adjoining that of the financier had something to do with the mystery.

If Burleigh's statements were correct the eavesdropping began when this office became vacant. But no body had entered the room. Hence there must have been some method by which the detectaphone in the room was connected with some outside point. Burleigh's reference to the telephone gave him his clue.

It was likely that the last occupant of the vacant office was the guilty person. No Harvey Hunt interviewed the postman who served the building. From him he found that this former occupant had left an address to which his mail was forwarded, and also that this mail was exceptionally light, consisting in fact of telephone bills.

The man's scheme was this. Before moving out of his office, which he continued to pay for, he had built the detectaphone into the wall of Burleigh's office adjoining, and had connected it with the telephone wires in such a way that whenever the operator signaled, instead of ringing a bell the current would throw the detectaphone into the regular circuit, just as though the receiver had been taken off the hook. Thus all he had to do was call the number of the vacant room to get a listening connection right into Burleigh's office. As the bills were duly forwarded to him and paid by him the telephone company did not suspect any irregularity. In fact, the phone in the vacant office had a superlative rating on the company's check-up records for answering all calls promptly.

Can you follow the trail in—

THE ARKWRIGHT JEWELS.

"Mr. Hunt—Mr. Hunt—Call for Mr. Hunt."

The careless tones of the bellhop told the hotel guests nothing of the catastrophe which had overtaken Mrs. Harrison Arkwright, who occupied room 1307, on the top floor.

The criminal investigator himself wondered, as he walked toward the manager's office, if he had made any mistake in the check with which he had just settled his bill, for Harvey Hunt was a stranger in Toronto, he had not come there on business and was expecting a call for his professional services.

"Mr. Hunt," the manager said, "I want you; that is, if an engagement here would not interfere with your plans, for the room clerk tells me you are leaving tonight."

"Well, if it's important and interesting," smiled Hunt. "I might postpone my departure a bit."

"It is most important, indeed," said the hotel manager. "Mrs. Harrison Arkwright has been robbed of a very valuable necklace in a most mysterious manner. She went out this evening, foolishly leaving that necklace in her room. The door clerk swears that nobody entered or left her room between her departure and return. Yet upon her return she found her bed, under the mattress of which she had hidden the necklace, in disorder, and the jewels gone."

"Is she in her room now?" asked Hunt. The manager nodded.

"Then let's go up and talk to her," said the private detective.

There was a glint in Mrs. Arkwright's glance that would bode ill for the thief if she could lay her hands on him, Harvey Hunt thought, for she was a young woman of the modern athletic type, one of Quebec's leading clubwomen, the manager had informed him.

She stood quietly, after the introduction, waiting for the criminal

Rich Kiddies Meet Poor Ones In Dupont Circle "Nursery"



THE BALLOON-MAN OF DUPONT CIRCLE.

ANY Washingtonians who in other days hailed Brooklyn as their 'homeland,' and now, away from the cliffs of that odd slice of the metropolis, yearn for a glimpse of the daily exhibition of nursemaids and their wards such as only Brooklyn can stage, should know that Prospect Park has a runner-up in the baby-airing classic in the Dupont circle entry.

Dupont circle is the real common meeting ground for the poor little rich girls and rich little poor boys. Each afternoon the kiddies, escorted by their nursemaids, by apartment walls throw off their urban tendencies and become, for an hour or two, under the watchful eye of nurse girls who speak in more than one tongue as much 'Babes in the Woods' as the trees of the park will permit.

Whatever disillusionment trolley cars and autos afford in the way of ruling the woodland atmosphere of this busy intersection in the Northwest, is perhaps disregarded by young eyes that do most of their focusing on things close at hand. There are bushes and tree-trunks for the slinking 'Indians' of make-up and asphalt tracks for snorting tricycles and kiddie-cars—so who cares about sights and noises of the outside world, just beyond the circle's rim!

Occasionally a klaxon-blasting fire truck sails around the park. Then of course it is permissible to forget the demands of playthings and climb a bench for a look at the

New York City Day By Day

By OLO MCINTYRE

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: That woman is so thin the tops of her shoes look like ruffles. A cage of cockatoos waiting at a stage door. Windsor ties are quite the thing. There goes Louis Mann and his trick collar. Little after midnight dance clubs are all the rage. Three in one block. I'd like to unbutton all the pastry in that window and see what's inside.

Only a few stragglers on the park benches. Their eyes are always on the ground. Sometimes they sit there all through the night. And I have my book and fagot on the bench. What is the meaning of it all? Life! Cumulative death. The smell of hot coffee. I'd like a sandwich but I always drag all the meat out the first bite. And then don't know where to throw the bread.

Whatever became of the old-fashioned oak bucket? Something has happened in front of the Hippodrome. Several policemen, and traffic has stopped for an ambulance. A little boy all in white—except his neck. A hotel for South Americans. The group out in front look

The Personal Catechism



Q. What is your name?
A. Robert H. Ingels, Miller.

Q. What is your business?
A. Law.

Q. What do you like most about it?
A. Keeping people out of jail. Also, there's always something new turning up in a law office, and that adds novelty to the work.

Q. What was your nickname when you were in school?
A. I met the same fate as hundreds of others of the Miller clan. I was called "Dusty" Miller. The nickname stuck, up until about ten years ago. May it rest in peace.

Q. What is your favorite sport or hobby?
A. Horse racing, which was called the sport of kings when there were kings. I myself own a string of horses.

Q. Who is your favorite actress?
A. Lillian Lantry was for years, but I believe she died recently.

Q. Do you enjoy jazz?
A. I do not. There is little enough good music in the world without the jazz band coming in.

Q. What is your favorite superstition?
A. I always win cases that I try on Friday the thirteenth.

Q. When was you born?
A. I was born January 13, 1877, which was Friday. It's lucky.

Dorothy Dix's Advice

THE SOFT ANSWER.

The pretty young girl who waits on me at a little restaurant I frequent, was very much perturbed. Red spots of excitement burned on her cheeks. Her eyes were full of unshed tears. Her hands shook as she put my food before me.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, her voice trembling with passion. "I have just had a run-in with the head waitress. I was late this morning and, in a hurry, I had to put on my apron, and she bawled me out about it. I didn't take anything off her, and I told her some things she wouldn't forget in a hurry. Wouldn't you?"

"No," I said. "I should have said something to her that would have made her feel so small, and cheap and unkindly, that it would have made her sorry she spoke to me as she did."

"Gee," exclaimed the girl hopefully, "what would you have said to her when she got after you about a thing that was an accident, that wasn't her fault, and to anybody who was in a hurry?"

"I should have told her," I said, "that I knew she had a perfect right to scold me for my carelessness in making the mistake, and that I was sorry for it, and that I wouldn't let it happen again."

The girl thought a moment, and then she said gravely, "Well, I guess that would have held her for a while. Scrappy thing she is. Always looking for a fight."

"Right-o," I replied. "The soft answer put only turns away wrath, but nothing else leaves your enemy so completely at a disadvantage. There's nothing more that you can say to those who admit their faults and regret them."

Just try it the next time anyone assails you, and see how foolish it makes them feel and look. They could match tempers with you. They could put anger against anger and hurl invectives and abuse, perhaps with a reader thought and a deadlier aim than you can, but they are helpless before you when you are master of your own temper, when you oppose their force with gentleness, and when you meet their coarse abuse with the restrained speech of a lady.

Somewhat the soft answer always puts the angry one into the wrong. You may richly deserve the scolding you are getting, but if you will meekly accept the blame that is your due, and not furiously justify yourself, you will invariably find that the offended one begins to backwater, and ends up by making excuses for you. You may then have dared to offer yourself.

There is nothing else in the world so true as that it takes two to make a quarrel. Somebody must add fuel to the fire of your anger, or else it goes out. It takes the clash of antagonistic points of view to make an argument interesting enough to go on with. You can't put any pep into your abuse of an individual who admits the justice of your criticism, and asks your advice about how to profit by your superior wisdom.

And here is where the soft answer works in its best work. You can fight those who fight you. You can curse those who curse you. You can get even with those who do you a bad trick. But you are helpless before those who are gentle, and reasonable, and anxious not to offend you. All you can do is to be ashamed of yourself, and be good friends with them.

Haven't you seen things like this? An angry customer comes charging into a shop, claiming that she has been robbed, and the wrong goods sent to her, and that she is going to sue for damages, and never buy a nickel's worth in that store again, as long as she lives. One of two things happens. She gets hold of a clerk who meets her abuse with abuse, an tells her that she is a wretched woman who brings back and exchange it for something else, and that she is a liar, and a tightwad, and the store doesn't want such trade as hers, and the woman goes away angrier than when she came. Or the clerk who meets her abuse with a soft answer, and tells her that she is a wretched woman who brings back and exchange it for something else, and that she is a liar, and a tightwad, and the store doesn't want such trade as hers, and the woman goes away angrier than when she came.

Or the furious woman is taken in

Horoscope For Today

What the Stars Indicate

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1921.

Mars dominates the early hours with adverse power, according to astrology. Uranus is in benefic aspect.

All the physical powers may be at a disadvantage today, so that what ever depends on mere bodily strength will not be well directed. There may be an irritability and a desire to be dominating while this configuration prevails, since all the signs indicate that there will be clashes between material and spiritual influences each striving for control.

Military matters will come much to the front, and again there will be evident intention to arouse warlike impulses.

Warning is given that new forms of propaganda will be widely distributed through new channels.

Religious discussions or feuds will be prominent as the spring approaches.

Much discontent among workers continues to be indicated, and there will be increase of labor troubles.

Honors for a leader in industrial organizations is forecast, and there will be a demonstration that has a lasting significance.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have a year in which travel and change are helpful. Those who are employed should benefit.

Children born on this day may be rash and self-willed, but they are likely to be exceedingly fortunate in all business undertakings.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE!

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS.

Pleasing a Woman.

One evening Edmonia Simpson took her husband, Luke, out to go to the picture show. When they got half way down the street she noticed that Luke had on his snuggly slippers.

She looked at them with one eye and at Luke with the other. He giggled for a minute.

"Woman," he said, "mah gawn neck mah shoes hurt. Ah! jist can't stand having mah feet ache wen Ah's lookin' at de pitchers."

Edmonia demanded then and there that he run back and change them for fear he'd catch his death of cold. He refused.

They quarreled all the way to the show and also when they got inside. On the way home they quarreled also. So Luke said:

"When he again got seated in his Morris chair, he took off the slippers and put on his heavy brogans just to please his wife."

This, however, did not please her, he said. She upbraided him for doing the right thing at the wrong time, and she struck her with one of his shoes—No. 11.

The court put him on probation and told him that a second offense would go hard with him.

Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.

Friday Remnant Day

Remnant Day Merchandise is not returnable or exchangeable; not sent C. O. D. or on approval; mail or phone orders not accepted.

Friday Special in Petticoats

A special lot of Sateen and Heatherloom Petticoats, with pleated and tucked flounces, and brown. Lengths 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. \$1.45 each; were \$2.00.

Extra Size Rose Heatherloom Petticoats, with deep pleated flounces, lengths 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. \$1.45 each; were \$2.00.

Friday Special in Men's Shoes

39 Pairs Men's Vici Kid Blucher Shoes, with a good rubber toe and a good low heel, all wide widths, sizes 6 to 9 1/2. \$4.75 pair; were \$8.50.

22 Pairs Men's High-Grade Dark Tan English Lace Shoes, with wing tip, closing out, in these sizes: 8, 8 1/2 and 9 AA; 8 1/2 and 9 A; 6, 6 1/2, 7 1/2, 8 1/2 and 9 B; 6, 6 1/2, 7, 8 1/2, 9 1/2 and 10 C. \$7.75 pair; were \$15.

15 Pairs Men's Felt Slippers with leather soles, sizes 10 and 11. \$1 pair; were \$3.

27 Pairs Indian Mocassins, sizes 9, 10, 11 and 12. \$1 pair; were \$2.

Men's Shoe Store, First floor.

"Martex" Bath Towels

Priced Exceptionally Low

75 Dozen "Martex" Bath Towels, subject to the slightest of imperfections, but only the most careful and painstaking manufacturers would mention them. The prices are much less than the regular goods. Sold in 1/2 dozen lots only.

6 for \$2.50
6 for \$2.75
6 for \$3.75

6 for \$4.00
6 for \$4.50
6 for \$5.00

Linen Section, Second floor.

Handkerchiefs at Low Prices

50 Dozen Men's Soft Finished White Cambric Handkerchiefs, full size, 1/4 hems, \$1 dozen, 50c 1/2 dozen. A good handkerchief for everyday use.

50 Dozen Women's Sheer, Soft Finished Cambric Handkerchiefs, full size, \$1 dozen, 50c 1/2 dozen.

Handkerchief Section, First floor.

Boys' Wear

40 Boys' Woolen Knickerbocker Suits, medium weight, decidedly desirable colorings and designs; sizes 9 to 18 years. \$13.75 each; were \$20 and \$22.50.

6 Dozen Bell Blouses, neat stripe and plain blue chambray; broken sizes, mostly 7 and 9 years. 75c each; were \$1.25.

10 Dozen Small Boys' Rompers and Romper Suits, a good assortment of colors and combinations; sizes 2 to 8 years. Specially priced, \$1.55.

10 Small Boys' Serge and Other Fine Novelty Suits; sizes 3, 4, 5 and 6 years only. \$4.75 each; were \$10, \$12.50 and \$15.

Boys' Store, Fourth floor.

50 Doz. Women's Swiss Ribbed Cotton Vests

25c Each; Were 37 1/2c

Low neck, sleeveless, fronts trimmed. Regular sizes only.

Women's Knit Underwear Section, Third floor.

Housewares

36 Canned Heat Outfits, consisting of kettle, stand and one can of canned heat. 10c set; were 35c.

10 Aluminum Tea Pots; 6-cup capacity; slightly shopworn. 95c each; were \$2.50.

12 4-quart Aluminum Cooking Kettles, with covers slightly shopworn. 95c each; were \$1.05.

36 Nursing Bottles. Special, 3c for 3c.

12 Carbide Fire Extinguishers, 65c each; were \$1.00.

12 Cans Putz Cream Metal Polish, half-gallon size. 65c each; were \$1.00.

12-quart size Wizard Liquid Floor Wax. 95c each; were \$1.50.

100 Cans Sunbrite Scouring Cleanser. Special, 3c can.

1,000 Cakes Swift's Borax Laundry and Household Soap. Special, 48c dozen.

2 Bread and Cheese Cabinets; slightly shopworn. \$5.95 each; were \$6.25.

Housewares Section, Fifth floor.